

Let Kodol Digest What You Eat

Then you can Eat what you like, for Kodol will do exactly what your stomach does when it is well.

You once could eat anything you wanted, and your stomach would digest it.

But now there are some things which your stomach won't digest. Your stomach absolutely refuses to accommodate you when you eat certain food—so you have been forced by your stomach to eat food which you digested and pass up those delicacies that you would have really enjoyed.

There is a way now to eat any thing you like, if you will let Kodol digest it.

Kodol will do this, too. It won't talk back or command, but will go right ahead with its work and digest all the food you eat. Kodol will let you eat anything you like.

You will not have that heart-burn

which is so annoying at times, if you will let Kodol digest your food a while.

You don't have to use Kodol long—only for a little while—just long enough for your stomach to rest a little. It gets tired sometimes, too—just the same as anybody or part of your body that works.

Kodol will do the same work as the stomach, when it is well and strong. Every tablespoonful will digest 2 1/2 pounds of food.

Our Guarantee. Get a dot-Kodol. If you are not benefited, the druggist will at once return your money. Don't hesitate; any druggist will sell you Kodol on these terms. The dollar bottle contains 2 1/2 times as much as the 50c bottle. Kodol is prepared in the laboratories of Dr. C. E. Witt & Co., Chicago.



DIRECTOIRE GOWN WORN BY MISS HELEN PINGREE AT SPECIAL MATINEE, THURSDAY, APRIL 3. DESIGNED BY DUMAY, PARIS, FRANCE.

AMUSEMENT NOTES

Helen Pingree and the Sheath Gown.

Miss Helen Pingree, the charming little leading lady of the Adam Good company, which attraction comes to the opera house all this week, has some ideas of her own on the sheath gown question, which she graciously unfolded to a curious newspaper man recently.

"Do you think these gowns will ever be popular as the universal robing of woman kind?" Miss Pingree was asked. "No," she replied, with a naive laugh, "they can never be a universal covering, with that cleft on the side, but I do believe they can be generally worn by women, and why not? They are not at all immodest, if people would only view them rightly."

"At the right angle?" "No, not that, but view them as a garment that is exceedingly cool and comfortable, and at the same time tasteful and pretty, without offending one's propriety, if only people would view them from the right standpoint."

"Not too closely?" "Oh, no, indeed, but without thinking of them as anything more than artistic and at the same time sensible creations from the point of ease and freedom of movement." They are really much more easy to wear than the ordinary dress encumbered with auxiliary petticoats.

"But it is always this way when a new style is introduced." "What if low neck

gowns had never been worn before, and some women were to appear in one this very evening. "It is easy to imagine the comment this would start." "But the sheath, or to be more exact, the directoire gown, is not an innovation, it is a revival of a picturesque style that was in great favor among the French people more than a century ago." "All the beauties of that day wore them." "It is all in people being accustomed to a thing."

"Besides, the attitude that the public has taken toward these gowns is amusingly inconsistent when one stops to consider the scenes at the theaters and the usual feminine bathing costume, still I will admit that the extremely high slash-directoire are not modest." "The gown I wear in Lena Rivers is slashed not even to the knee." "In the days of the Empress Josephine, the gowns were made so tight that the wearer could not seat themselves, and that is how the style of slashing the side came in."

"It requires a good figure to carry one of these gowns off successfully and that is why they are not appreciated by some women, but you notice that the gowns for this season are all on the directoire model, although of course somewhat modified from the cut of the sheath gown."

"Yes, when one considers the inconsistencies that are found among the censorious to tight that the wearers could not sit, it is always this way when a new style is introduced." "What if low neck

\$5,000,000 FIRE IN FORT WORTH

Six Known to be Dead in Ruins

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS

Food for Conflagration—Flames That Originated in Residence District Were Fanned by Still Wind and Spread for Many Blocks.

Fort Worth, Texas, April 5.—Fanned by a stiff wind, a fire which originated in a barn at Jennings avenue and Peter-smith street, in the southern portion of the city, Saturday afternoon, swept over an area 10 blocks in length and seven in width, destroyed property roughly estimated in value to be in excess of \$5,000,000, and caused the death of six persons.

The fire, which started in a fashionable residence district, was beyond all control within 15 minutes and was not checked until dynamite was resorted to, four hours later.

The local fire department being unable to cope with the situation, assistance was rushed from Dallas and Weatherford on special trains, but even with these re-enforcements the spread of the flames was not checked until they had eaten their way to the Texas & Pacific railroad reservation on the east. On the south the fire was checked at the Texas & Pacific passenger station, this steel and stone structure forming a bulwark that saved the wholesale district of the city, which at one time was in imminent danger of destruction.

The Texas & Pacific roundhouse and 20 engines, the repair shops, four churches, two public school buildings and Walker's sanatorium were the public buildings destroyed. The others were residences, most of them new and pretentious, in the most exclusive section of the city. So rapidly did the flames spread that people living within a radius had no time to save anything except the clothing they wore. A patient whose identity has not been learned perished in Walker's sanatorium, and three men were electrocuted and their bodies burned to cinders in the Sawyer electric plant. Herbert Stacy was fatally burned in an endeavor to save his dwelling, and a fireman fell from a housetop and was killed.

The Rev. H. O. Cowan, assistant pastor of the Broadway Presbyterian church, is missing. The burned district was patrolled Saturday night by troops to prevent looting, and it is estimated that 500 families are homeless. Many of these have gone to Dallas, where shelter has been offered.

FIRE LOSS A QUARTER MILLION.

Sixty-four Residences and Private Sanatorium Burned Near Dallas, Tex.

Dallas, Tex., April 5.—Sixty-four residences and a private sanatorium in Oak Cliff, a suburb of Dallas, Tex., were destroyed by fire late Saturday, causing a loss estimated at a quarter of a million dollars. The fire, fanned by a strong southwest wind, swept through 14 residence blocks. In the burned area, which covers more than a quarter of a mile square of territory, only five buildings remain intact. All the patients at the sanatorium were removed in safety.

Invention Kills Inventor.

Indianapolis, April 5.—Conrad Sperka, a young electrician, died suddenly Saturday night in an electric bath of his own devising. He had arranged that the water in a bathtub could be charged with electricity. Saturday night he was found unconscious in the tub and soon died. It seems that Sperka turned on to the bathtub a heavier current than he was accustomed to, and the shock killed him.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Photo-Era magazine this month continues its campaign for better lantern shows with a forceful article by C. H. Cloudy discussing "Pictorial Possibilities in Moving Pictures," the present standard in such matters and the way in which the public may succeed in raising this popular form of amusement to a higher level. "Developers for Negatives" are treated in an interesting and instructive way by Malcolm D. Miller, M. D., while E. F. Keller describes "The Instantaneous Flashlight and Its Uses," special attention being given to an electric lamp of his own invention. Thomas H. Holmes tells how to secure handy, compact arrangement of dark room necessities in an article entitled "Much in Little," and E. Louise Marillier, famous for her flower and fruit studies, contributes a description of her method of working.

The present issue is especially attractive pictorially, most of the illustrations being selected from the foreign sections of the Fifth American Photographic Salon. In addition to these features eight regular features are brim full of valuable information for every camerist.

How to Tell Clean Milk.

"Clean milk," says Woman's Home Companion for April, "has no distinct flavor—simply a sweet, pleasant taste. If any flavors are present they are artificial. A test for the sanitary condition of milk is as follows: Take a pint of milk as it is received from the milkman, pour off a few spoonfuls, to facilitate shaking, and place in a panful of warm water, about five to one hundred degrees, when thoroughly warm through-out, add one rennet tablet which has previously been dissolved in one spoonful of water, and shake, then set away in a warm place for a few minutes. When curdled, cut the curd thoroughly with a knife, to let out the whey. Let stand for a few minutes, drain off all the whey, and continue to pour off all whey as it accumulates. There will then be a lump of compact curd. Cut this in two with a knife, so that it will fall out. The character of this curd will show very clearly the sanitary quality of the milk. If spongy and full of numerous holes, undesirable forms of bacteria, particularly those that produce gas, are present. The cleanest of bacteria is considered by authorities to be one of the causes of epidemic diarrhea. If firm and smooth, with few or no holes, the milk is clean and has been handled in a sanitary manner. This test may be continued further by placing the curd back in the bottle and filling half full of water. If the curd floats it indicates that the milk is unclean; if it sinks, the milk is reasonably clean."

LUMBER EXTRAVAGANCE.

Lumbermen Waste Half of Every Tree They Cut.

In an article in the April McClure's, entitled "Continued Despoliation," Rudolph Cronau tells of the enormous waste of lumber. He says:

"Dr. Bristol, chief of the section of wood chemistry, states that fifty per cent, or more of the average tree as it stands in the forest is wasted before reaching the market in the form of lumber. He says, further, that the timber cut has increased from eighteen billion board feet in 1880 to fifty billion board feet in 1900, and that our present consumption of wood in all forms is equivalent to at least one hundred billion feet annually, and possibly much more."

"Further, it may be new to you that while pine, in former years the greatest of all our lumber trees and the only wood dignified with the name 'pine' has, under the heavy drain upon it, so fallen off, that its domination of the lumber market has practically ceased. In from ten to fifteen years the supply of other woods, for instance, the yellow pine and the Douglas fir, will be just as limited as that of white pine now. Rapidly decreasing also is our supply of hard woods, the price of which goes up higher and higher. White oak went up from \$38 in 1895, to \$55 in 1907; hickory from \$28 to \$60, and yellow poplar from \$29 to \$65. Expert foresters proclaim that we are, without having made any provisions against it, dangerously near a hardwood famine, which will strike at the very foundation of some of the country's most important industries."

"Since 1870, forest fires have each year destroyed an average of fifty lives and fifty million dollars' worth of timber. Not less than fifty million acres of forest is burned over yearly."

Well Stocked.

Last summer a typical Downstate farmer furnished a New York author who had a cottage in a Maine village with farm produce.

"One day when the man called with a wagon load of vegetables the author wishing to make himself agreeable, asked how much stock he kept on his farm."

"Five cows and a bull," enumerated the farmer, "and two yokes of oxen, a calf, a horse, and three shares of Maine Central."—Youth's Companion.

KAISER FORCED CZAR TO YIELD

By the Threat of War if He Didn't

EUROPE MUCH ALARMED

By Germany's Action in Humiliating Russia, Which Opposed Austria's Violation of Treaty—England to Hasten Dreadnoughts.

London, April 5.—It is now definitely known, despite semi-official denials from Berlin, that Germany delivered a distinct ultimatum to Russia on March 25, summoning her to recognize annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in violation of the treaty of Berlin forthwith, or military operations would begin against her immediately. The German ambassador informed Foreign Minister Tisza that if Russia refused to take the step required Germany would consider the refusal an act of hostility to her Austrian ally, and that German troops would at once cross the frontier. The ambassador further intimated that Germany had mobilized a great force on the Polish frontier in preparation for the movement. Tisza asked for sufficient time to consult the western powers. This was refused. Tisza thereupon summoned an emergency meeting of the imperial council, and within 24 hours it was decided to yield completely to Germany's demands. Thus, by a single stroke, Germany made peace for the moment in the Balkans and also changed the whole face of European politics.

Once Russia's Friend.

It is necessary to recall here an important bit of history. When the first German emperor was dying he summoned his grandson, the present Kaiser, to advise him on the foreign policy of the empire. He charged him above all else never to quarrel with Russia. Friendly relations with that empire were declared, essential to the welfare of Germany. Bismarck was of the same mind, and such has been the fundamental policy of Germany until now. These traditions have now been abandoned, and Germany has completely usurped Russia's role as the champion of the Slavs and all the other elements in the Balkans.

No one can pretend that Germany's first aggressive use of her great power toward achieving her ambition to secure the hegemony of Europe makes for peace beyond the moment. We have before us the first move in the campaign of realization, which has been shadowed many times in the past. The Kaiser would make against King Edward's league of peace. Russian anger knows no bounds, but it is impotent for the time being. The rage of Russia is matched by the alarm of England. Nowhere has Germany's master stroke created so much uneasiness among all thinking classes as in Great Britain. Germany held a pistol to Russia's head yesterday; she might do the same with equal success against England tomorrow, with the present government in power. But even the conglomerate elements of the present British rule begin to see the writing on the wall.

To Rush Dreadnoughts.

There is good reason to believe that Asquith, a few days after the budget is introduced, after the Easter holidays, will announce the government's intention to build eight Dreadnoughts forthwith. There are signs of awakening to a proper sense of responsibility on both sides. Even Balfour, whose careless language in politics for the past few years has exasperated his friends and foes alike, is developing qualities of vigorous leadership. He has the country with him beyond question. The popular alarm of this country today is not of the Balkan sort. It is far more potent and irresistible on that account. It is safe to predict that, unless the government shows every determination to re-arm the country at the highest available speed, means will be found within the next few weeks to sweep them from power. Popular judgment sums up the situation in a sentence: "War with Germany would cost England one million sterling a day. One Dreadnought costs two millions, or the same as two days of possible war."

Germany's high-handed settlement of the Balkan question has completely clarified the European situation in an important sense. Germany has completely solidified as nothing else would have done what will henceforth be the putative alliance against her of Russia, Great Britain and France. Hatred of Germany today is as deep and permanent in Russia as in France. This will prove no small element in the greatest crisis toward which the frantic struggle in war preparations is driving the European world. Russia is only momentarily weak. The domestic reforms which are making rapid progress in the Muscovite empire are genuine and the resources of the country are enormous. The speed of Russia's recuperation will astonish the world before long. However, Germany believes her day will come within three years and that Russia, within that time, cannot become formidable.

England Alarmed.

Experience has just taught Germany, as she learned in 1870, the immense value of secret preparations and sudden surprise. It is this feature of her ultimatum that has most startled England. It is this which leads the ablest statesmen and journals of this country to indulge in language of gravest foreboding.

The Spectator today, in closing an alarming letter, declares that unless England organizes resources for the building and equipment of ships to the utmost Germany will take similar action toward Britain as she did toward Russia, and, from the German point of view, quite likely. "Then," says the Spectator, "we shall have to choose between fighting a tremendous disadvantage and national humiliation. We will not discuss whether, in such circumstances, it would be wise or not to accept humiliation. An autocracy may be able to choose humiliation. A democracy, and least of all, a British democracy, can do no such thing. The people, in such a dilemma, will always choose the sword."

HOW THE THIEF GOT IN AND OUT.

By T. ANTHONY TWINING.

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I was telegraphed to come at once to the country residence of Hugo Van Vliet, and, being a detective, I knew it meant that my professional services would be required. Mr. Van Vliet met me at the station and while taking me to his house in his runabout motor car told me what had happened. He had a number of guests in his house, nearly all of whom were, like himself, very wealthy. It was his first season there, the house having been recently finished, and he had opened it with what he considered a distinguished circle of friends. They were all high class society people with a British lord thrown in to give the party eclat.

Nearly every night some one of his guests had been robbed of either money or jewels or both. After the first disappearance he had enjoined all of them to be careful to lock their doors and had bolts put on every door. For a few nights after this there were no robberies, but then they commenced again. The Britisher (Lord Mannerleigh) lady had been robbed of some superb jewels. The singular part of it was that after the valuables were taken, though the thief could only have escaped by the door, it remained locked.

While all were at dinner I was shown the rooms, examining the approaches, the connections with other rooms, the windows and lastly the locks and bolts. This done, I sent for the host.

"Mr. Van Vliet," I said, "I presume there are times when your guests are out of doors amusing themselves."

"Yes, both morning and afternoon."

"The maids get through putting the rooms in order in the morning, I suppose, and in the afternoon the upstairs is deserted?"

"Yes."

"Some one at such time has fixed the rooms to be entered."

"Then it must be one of the servants."

"The thief is not one of the servants. I suspect one of your guests."

"You are mistaken."

"Very well. I will accuse no one, I must either catch the rogue in the act or the case goes by default. No one has yet seen me. Tonight I will sleep in the village, and tomorrow I will arrive as one of your guests. I have my evening dress with me and can make a presentable appearance. I shall be a trifling brusque in manner, for I shall hail from the far west. My wealth will be my principal claim to your friendship. I will be John Rogers, a mine owner."

As Mr. Rogers I arrived the next afternoon, went to my room and moved the bed so that by putting out my hand I could switch on the electric lights. Then I dressed and went down to dinner. At table I talked a good deal of my mines and my taste for jewels. Speaking of the latter, I said that I had a great fancy for sapphires and was making up a lot of them to have made into a necklace to take back west to my wife for an anniversary wedding present. I said I kept those I had collected with me and would be happy to show them after dinner. At this Mr. Van Vliet frowned, the conversation was changed, and the jewels were not produced.

That night when all the others had retired I went to my room, locked and bolted my door, put a small box under my pillow, then went to bed and lay awake waiting. About 3 in the morning I heard a slight muffled sound—so slight that it was scarcely distinguishable—at the door. Then I heard indications of some one fumbling about the room. I had left no valuables on the dresser or in my pockets, so the thief must come nearer. Presently I fancied a hand slipping under the mattress, but this might be fancy. What was not fancy was a grasp on the box under my pillow. I caught the arm of a figure kneeling beside the bed. Then I turned on the lights. I held a woman, and that woman was Lady Mannerleigh.

"Ah," I said, "I supposed his lordship was doing these jobs."

Jumping out of bed, I pushed a button. A servant on watch answered the summons.

"Stay here with this woman," I said, "and don't let her go out."

I went softly into the hall and saw a white figure slip into Lord Mannerleigh's room. Mannerleigh had evidently been watching. I locked his lordship's door and, returning to my room, stood watch over the countess while the servant went for Mr. Van Vliet. When he came he received the surprise of his life.

When the earl and his lady had been turned over to the police—he was an English valet and she a lady's maid with forged letters—I showed Mr. Van Vliet a little hole in the door of every room that had been entered, except the thief's, which had been plugged, over the lock and bolt, each end of the plug having been dabbed with white enamel like the door so nicely as to be almost unnoticeable. Through the hole a wire with a joint had been pushed. When the joint was inside the room a string attached to the inner end of the wire was pulled, and the part beyond the joint was drawn over the bolt, which was then shot.

The key was turned with slender tweezers. In this way the door was again locked and bolted after the departure of the thief.

I had detected evidence of these holes on my examination and spotted his lordship for the thief because he claimed to have been robbed while there had been no hole bored in his door.

FILES! FILES! FILES!

Williams' Indian File Outlets will cure skin, itching and itching. It absorbs the tumors, always itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Williams' Indian File Outlets is prepared for File and itching of the private parts. Sold by druggists, mail for \$1.00, Williams' Mfg. Co., Troy, Cleveland, Ohio.

Sold by C. E. Kendrick & Co., Barre, Vt.

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash—and was entirely cured after three months' use of them."—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 59, Gardiner, Me.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial.

This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

SOME FRISCO HISTORY.

The True Story of Morris Haas Who Shot Francis J. Heney.

In the April American Magazine Will Irwin tells the story of the abductions, murders, and other forms of violence which have been employed in San Francisco by those who have been fighting the graft prosecution. Following is the first connected story ever printed of Morris Haas, the jurymen who shot Francis J. Heney, and then committed suicide:

"The 'Parkside' bribery case against Abe Ruef was on the docket. The evidence of the prosecution, known to both sides in advance, was very clear—an unbroken chain. Ruef's hope lay in a prejudicial jury. The fight then centered about the 'box' of 200 men, from which according to California practice, the jurors were selected. Haas was in that box. He earned a little, and a 'family liquor store' in the residence district. He returned satisfactory answers to all questions; he appeared neither over eager nor over reluctant to serve. So he took his place among the provisional jurors—'As harmless looking a little Hebrew as you'll find,' says Heney, 'until you caught his eye.' Although Heney marked him for further questioning, he noticed Haas only casually."

"He was hardly seated in the box, when Burns discovered that one Anixter, a juror who was under examination and who had passed provisionally, had served a term in the house of correction. He was a milk dealer, and had been in trouble for watering milk. Ruef had been his friend and protector. The defense, fighting desperately to keep Anixter on the jury, contended that a term in the house of correction did not disqualify a juror. Heney remembers now that Haas listened to the argument with great interest. The court decided against Anixter."

"The day after Anixter retired, a Jewish tailor named Cohn telephoned to Heney:—

"'You have another ex-convict on the Ruef jury; come up and see me about it.'"

"A Burns detective saw Cohn and learned all about the part of Haas. He had been in the San Quentin penitentiary for embezzlement. He had long been intimate with Cohen's wife. Cohn had heard him say to her:—

"'I am going on the jury to get Ruef off and make money and pay my debts.'"

Haas was put out of the jury box, and a little later, when Heney was in open court, a few days after this he shot himself while in jail.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT IN HEAD.

Six-year-old Boy Was Playing with Gun Not Known to Be Loaded.

Claremont, N. H., April 5.—Lewis Woods, 10 years old, son of Felix Woods, was accidentally shot in the head by 6-year-old George Dumas, who was playing with a double-barreled shotgun supposed to be unloaded.

According to the story, Nelson Dumas, aged 18, went hunting Saturday afternoon, and stood his shotgun near Woods' sugar house in the Punksiders district. George Dumas, Lewis Woods and several other children were playing near Woods was rolling on the ground and George Dumas began playing with the shotgun when it went off and Woods' head was in direct line 15 feet away. The shot struck him on the right side of the head near the temple, a glancing blow, which probably saved him from instant death. His face is so swollen that the doctor could not probe for the shot.

A Snake That Shoots Itself.

The cowboy lifted a long lock from his tankard and nonchalantly wrung it out.

"As I was sayin'," he resumed, pushing the lock behind his ear, "anybody can shoot a rattlesnake. The critter itself takes aim."

"You point a stick or a gun muzzle," he explained, "at a rattler and he'll get his head right in line with it—so as to strike, you know. Move your muzzle to the right, Mr. Snake moves, too; to the left, and it's just the same."

"Many a bet I've won, holdin' a gun about ten feet from a rattler, that I'd shoot his head off with my eyes shut. I always done it. The rattler always shot for the bone—my aimin'."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Your Neighbors Can Tell You

No doubt, if you yourself don't know, of many marvelous cures of Stomach, Liver, Blood and Skin affections that have been made by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for it has a most successful record of over 40 years.

These CURES embrace also many bad cases of Weak Lungs, lingering Coughs, Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections, some of which, no doubt, would have run into Consumption, had they been neglected or badly treated. We don't mean to say that the "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure Consumption when fully seated, but it will strengthen weak lungs, improve digestion, and make pure, rich, red blood thereby overcoming and casting out disease-producing bacteria and giving robust, vigorous health.

All particulars about the "Discovery," its composition and uses, in Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1000 pages, revised up-to-date, sent for 31 cents, in one-cent stamps in cloth covers, or 21 cents for paper covered, to pay cost of mailing only. Or send post card request for free booklet to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are little in size but great in gentle acting sanitary results; cure constipation. ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS



If You Don't Know

Behind Dr. Pierce's Medicines stands the Invalid Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, thoroughly equipped and with a Staff of Skilled Specialists to treat the more difficult cases of Chronic diseases whether requiring Medical or Surgical skill for their cure. Send for free INVALIDS GUIDE BOOK.